

## The Republican.

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## THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow.

The house so mossy and brown.

With its chimneys and stone chimney.

And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fall their green around it.

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did not dreadful, and not a bit becoming

a minister's wife.

She went all around the house looking

as if she was ready to cry, and at last

she set down in the parlor on her trunk,

and began to laugh at the vases and the

inkstand, and then wound up by finding

fault with the stove, which she said

looked as if it came out of the ark.

I've always thought she made her husband

discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was a

meek, quiet, unselfish man, that he never

would have made any trouble if she

hadn't been always complainin' and puttin'

him up to grumble.

But I'm wanderin' off from my story

—I started to tell you about the donation

party. You see, the first year we

got along splendid with it, and I must

say I never saw a better tentable spread

than we set that night for Mrs. Ormsby.

But that woman never could be satisfied,

and she said afterward that it wouldn't

take more than two such parties

to ruin any family!

It seems she found fault because we

all staid to tea with em, just as if we

hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in

all the victuals for it.

But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did

do exactly right, for she took Mrs. Ormsby's

preserves to put on the table, and

they all eat that night, and I s'pose

that put her out some.

Well, as I was sayin', the second year

come round, and it was read out in

metin', that the donation party would

be given the next Friday.

Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then

he looked all around and cleared his

throat two or three times, as if he had

somethin' pertickler to say, but after

waitin' a minute he changed his mind

and sat down.

I thought he acted kinder queer, but I

was quite taken up with notice Miss

Ormsby. She got up as red as could be,

and when metin' was dismissed she just

hurried out as if she didn't want any

one to speak to her.

Well, Friday came, and by three

o'clock we were mostly at the parsonage.

Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more

as if it was funeral than a merry-maker.

I must say, but his wife was awful.

She was just as huffy and short as she

could be with everyone, and she went

and locked the study door and put the

key in her pocket right before us all, as

if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr.

Ormsby's papers or books.

Bimeby we began to talk about set-

ting the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy

Jones and we went out in the kitchen

to unpack the contributions. There was

some pertaters and turnips (them we put

in the sullen), a piece of corned beef,

two or three biled hams, a pot of butter,

some apple sass, a big cheese, and such

a lot of biscuits it would have taken all

night to count.

I began to be scart when we took out

paul after paul of biscuits, and no

cake to speak of. At last we came to

Miss Jones' basket, and there we found

biscion cake, as well as a great batch of

molasses cookies.

I was glad enough I'd sent poundcake

and crullers; but somehow when the

table was ready, there was more biscuits

on it than anything else, though we did

the best we could.

Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from

his store, besides sugar and crackers; and

Amos Hall he brought a bag of nuts and

some apples for the young folks after

when we got out that mornin' and some

of the folks thought we ought to 'print

a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about

it, but brother Ralph said 'no; if they

was goin', let 'em go peaceable; so they

all agreed to say nothin' at all.

We heard afterward from little Johnny

Hall, who was playin' near the parsonage

late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr.

Ormsby he brought the biscuits out in

a big basket, and then Mrs. Ormsby she

helped him to stick them on the pickets,

and she laughed all the time as if it was

a good joke.

I don't want to judge anybody, but

I never did think that woman was fit for

a minister's wife, and I don't think so

now.

Well, they moved off bag and baggage

on Wednesday of that week, and

we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby

since, and I don't know as we want to

seein' he hurt our feelin' so, though

we've never found as good a preacher as

he was, and never will.

And this was Miss Melissa's story.—

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY AT THE EXPOSITION.

The manners and opinions of the visitors

to the exhibition furnish a good deal

of interest in themselves. The occupants

of rolling-chairs are unmistakably the

object of a slight scorn to those on foot,

akin to the superciliousness of early

rulers. And, notwithstanding hundreds

of daily instances to the contrary, the

pedestrians are evidently persuaded that

everybody in a chair is the victim of

some strange malady or malady, about

which they cannot conceal their curios-

ity. The interest taken in any purchase

by the bystanders is so intense as to be

painful to the purchaser. A ring forms

immediately around the latter and the

vender, which increases momentarily

until the transaction is over, all hang-

ing speechless on the dialogue between

the two. When this is carried on in a

foreign language the audience looks discom-

forted and displeased, as if balked of its

rights. A lady acquaintance told me that

just as her purchase was concluded and

the article replaced in the case, so that it

became indistinguishable among its fel-

lows, a stranger of her own sex arrived

on the scene, and seeing that it was too

late, begged her until they reached a se-

cluded spot in one of the less frequented

departments. Then she accused her in a

low voice: "You bought something just

now." "Yes," "What was it?" But this

inquisitiveness is generally sympathetic.

I witnessed the sale of an Indian shawl,

at which the buyer was anxious to see it

folded and tried on. A couple of good-na-

tured young Englishmen, evidently nov-

ices in playing shopmen, were helplessly

pulling it hither and thither, when a

very nice looking, middle-aged woman,

with an ardent gaze, stepped up from the









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**Jacksonv**

**M. J. TU**  
**Attorney**  
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**Attorney**  
NO. 7 OFFI

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**Attorneys**  
No. 7 Office Row, J.  
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G. C. ELLIS.


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Charges very moderate.  
The special correspo.  
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GRAVE AND GAY

**GRAVE AND GAY.**

..It was a little three-year-old who remarked that she didn't want to kiss her papa because he had "fringe on his mouth." Boston Globe.

mouth."—*Boston Globe*.  
 .. We don't know that it was the epizooty that affected him; but he said with some violence: "If that nose was running for office, it would be elected by a handsome majority."

.. Bruce had recourse to the sword, Tell to a bow and arrow, and Washington appealed to the God of battles, but when a woman strikes for liberty, she uses anything she can lay her hands on.

...It makes one sad to realize that all the train-robbers and bank-burglars were once good little boys, and sat on the door steps waiting for ma to come home from the society meeting.

In 1790, not a hundred years ago, at the sack of Ismail, the Russians were as atrocious toward the Turks as the latter are toward the Servians; and Suwarrow put 3,000 persons to death, as a lecture

to his soldiers in the art of massacre.

... A young lady of this city, who was inattentive at whist, has broken off her engagement with her lover because he recommended her to "scoop her mind."

up in a peanut shell and fix it on the game.—*Brooklyn Argus*.  
 ..A distinguished author says I resolved when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce

before my mother without offending her. He kept his resolution, and became a pure minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Master Tommy (he had been very naughty, and was now amusing himself with his scripture prints)—“Here’s Daniel in the lions’ den!” Mamma (incautiously)—“Ah! what has he cast into the lions’ den for?” Master Tommy

... A publisher who always gives away a chromo lately purchased a large number of pictures of Niagara Falls. After advertising them for a time with

advertising them for a time with very poor results in the way of subscriptions, he turned them upside down and announced a brand new chromo of "A Prairie on Fire."

..The Connecticut fossil footprints appear to be bogus. It is hard to be certain about anything after the lapse of centuries. No doubt the future antiquarian as he digs about in the ruins of ancient things will find a fossil

of ancient Chicago will, finding the fossil footprint of a belle, mistake it for a bathtub bawn in stone, and write a book thereon.

Worwich Bulletin: A Boston

sculptor has just completed a statue entitled "Enthusiasm." No one around here has seen it yet, but it is said to be of the highest type; it is generally presumed that it represents an able-bodied female trudging off her heels.

female trading off her husband's Sunday  
pantaloon for a china dog and two vases  
for the mantel-piece.

...Man spit a quart of tobacco juice in  
street-car and get out. Boy got in and

took his seat. Lady got in and sat opposite boy. Looked down and saw the pond at his feet. Lady to boy: "Sonny, do you chew tobacco?" Boy to lady: "No, ma'am; but I kin get you a chew if you want it," and she her finger in

...Not so hopeless as it looks.—Edith

(that dreadful young flirt)—“Do you know, coz, I think I shall marry?” Cousin (with designs in that quarter himself)—“Really! You amaze me! Soon?” Edith—“Well, perhaps in a month or two.” Cousin—“And may I

month or two." Cousin—"And may I ask the name of the happy man?" Edith—"The what?" Cousin—"The man, the—er—what is it?—the intended?" Edith—"Ah, by the way—yes—I must begin to think of that too."

—I must begin to think of that, too, mustn't I?"

**BOGGS AND THE HORNETS.**

Old man Boggs wished to make some

slight repairs on the top of his residence near Cincinnati, and for this purpose had occasion to tear up a few shingles. In doing so in a quiet and inoffensive manner, he was astonished to find that he had disturbed a salamander. The head

had disturbed a hornets' nest. The hornets swarmed out upon Mr. Boggs. They made it hot for him at the very first onset. He rushed to the ladder, attacked from behind, when, horror of horrors! a neighbor had borrowed his ladder! Mr.

a neighbor had borrowed his ladder! Mr. Boggs cavorted, he tumbled, he rolled from one end of the roof to the other, screaming as he went. "Ladder, ladder!" The hornets continually increased; they flew at his nose, his ears, his cheeks.

flew at his nose, his ears, his cheeks; they danced on his forehead; they crawled down his back; they flew up his breeches leg; they met half way and fought each other; they stung here and there and everywhere. Boggs' wild

there and everywhere. Rugged and gesticulations and terrific shouts attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood. His friends mistook the shouts of "Ladder!" "Hornets!" for "Tilden and Hendricks," and thought he was

ratifying, but so much seriousness was depicted on his face that a ladder was finally procured and a rescue effected. Mr. Boggs is laid up for repairs now, and his face looks like the newspaper

pictures of a defeated prize-fighter.—*San Francisco Call.*

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the Republican.



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## USEFUL RECIPES.

### To Cook Tough Meat.

All kinds of poultry and meat can be cooked quicker by adding to the water in which they are boiled a little vinegar or piece of a lemon. By the use of an acid there will be considerable saving of fuel as well as shortening of time. Its action is beneficial on old, tough meats, rendering them quite tender and easy to be digested. Tainted meats and fowls will lose their bad taste and odor if cooked in this way, and if not used too freely, no taste of it will be acquired.

### Rice and Corn Bread.

One cupful of melted rice; one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter; two large cupfuls of white corn meal; a teaspoonful of salt; three eggs beaten separately; three cupfuls of soda. Stir the meal in the milk, add the rice, salt, and butter and mix them lightly in the batter. Bake quickly in deep tin pie plates. You can use sweet milk and omit the soda, but sour is better.

### To Prevent Choking.

Use a lot of alum in water, applied with a rag before retiring. A piece of alum as large as a hazelnut, dissolved in a half pint of water, is sufficient. It will quickly harden excoerated skin and harden the unabraded cuticle. The use of this for years with the most beneficial results, is sufficient authority for a trial. It is good also for tender feet and soft corns.

### Good Paste.

A lady of very decided taste desires us to tell our readers of a durable paste for scrap books, which she makes after the following fashion: Take half cornstarch and dissolve it in cold water, then pour on boiling water, and let it cook until of the right consistency. When it cools spread on with a brush. I think whoever uses it will be satisfied. It should be used within a day or two, as it will spoil by souring if kept too long.

### Injurious Management of Dishes.

A good set of dishes will last for ages, if properly handled. We have heard of an excellent housekeeper whose bridal dishes, thirty years old, are in excellent condition to-day, although they have been in use every week, more or less, during all the time allotted to a common dinner service. It is a great evil to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. We all know the result. It comes apart. Nobody broke it. "It was cracked before" or "cracked a long time ago." The fact is, when the glaze is injured, every time the "things" are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porous clay, and makes the whole fabric rot. In this condition they will also absorb grease, and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old, ill-used dish be made very hot indeed, a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface.—*Practical Housewife.*

### A Way to Harden Butter.

An English butter-maker of large experience, who is now on a visit to the United States for the purpose of looking over the cheese and butter dairies, gives us the following information concerning a method in practice among the butter-makers in England, for rendering butter firm and solid during the hot weather. Carbonate of soda and alum are used for the purpose, made into powder. Forty pounds of butter one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one teaspoonful of powdered alum are mingled together at the time of churning, and put into the cream. The effect of this powder is to make the butter come firm and solid, and give it a clean, sweet flavor. It does not enter into the butter, but its action is upon the cream, and it passes off with the buttermilk. The ingredients of the powder should not be mingled together until required to be used, or at the time the cream is in the churn ready for churning.—*Livingston Gazette.*

### Weak Nerves.

The Science of Health gives the following directions for the treatment of weak nerves: You must conform to the habits of hygiene, eating food which contributes these elements necessary for the building up and invigoration of bone, muscle, and nerve, and avoid all heating or stimulating preparation of food.

### To Retire Soberly.

Soak some blotting paper in a strong solution of saltpetre; dry it; take a piece about the size of your hand, and on going to bed light it, and lay it on a plate in your bed-room. By so doing persons afflicted with the asthma will find that they can sleep almost as well as when in health.

### To Test Eggs.

As it is desirable in packing eggs for winter use to put up none but good ones, I try mine by rolling up a pamphlet or an almanac just large enough to slip an egg in at one end. Look through this toward the light, and if the egg is fresh it will look perfectly clear; if stale, it looks dark. This is an excellent test—almost infallible.—*Farmer's Wife.*

### Fool in the Throat.

It is worth while to know what to do if a fish-bone or a portion of food sticks in the throat, for unless there is prompt action life may be lost. A smart blow between the shoulders will frequently dislodge the substance. If any attempt to swallow can be made, a hard piece of butter put into the mouth will help the offending substance to pass down the throat more easily. If no attempt can be made to swallow, or the finger does not reach so far as possible, and en-

deavor to pull out the bone or meat, or tickle the throat to produce immediate vomiting.

### To Purify a Sick-Room.

If onions are sliced and kept in a sick-room they will absorb all the atmospheric poison. They should be changed every hour. In the room of a small-pox patient they blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effectual in the case of snake bites.

### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The membership of the Presbyterian church of Iowa is 17,622.

There are now one hundred and twenty Chinese students in the colleges of New England.

No college in the United States provides instruction in architecture.

Out of fifteen lady applicants for admission to Michigan university none were rejected.

The reformed Episcopal church has bought a site at Charleston, S. C., for their proposed new school to train colored men for the ministry.

The monument to Bishop Allen, contributed by the colored Methodists to the centennial celebration, has been completed.

One million copies of a new tract on christian life and consecration are to be gratuitously circulated throughout the Methodist churches this fall.

President Scott of the Pennsylvania central railroad, has given \$10,000 to the central fund in aid of the Washington and Lee university at Lexington, Va.

The southern Presbyterian church is rapidly extending its works among the colored people. Its presbyteries have recently licensed a number of colored men to work among their own people as evangelists.

A novel scene at Woonsocket, R. I., a few days ago, was the sale by a sheriff of the spinning street chapel and fixtures to pay four hundred dollars due on the salary of a former pastor, Rev. Mr. Douglass, of Minneapolis, Minn. The sum obtained was five hundred and seventy-four dollars.

The missionaries of the Sunday-school union, in Illinois, reports that there are entire townships in that state that have no Sunday-schools. This is bad for the "lanner Sunday-school state of the west."

The French minister of public instruction has appointed a lady director of the girls' Normal school at Auxerre. This is said to be the first time such a distinction has been conferred on a female in France.

The position of bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India has been offered to the venerable Edward Ralph Johnson, archdeacon of Chester. It is thought that the archdeacon will accept the office.

The anti-mission—vulgarily known as the "hard-shell Baptist" are no longer respected with other Baptists in the year book issued by the Baptist publication society. Their number is still considerable in the south; in the whole United States it is 41,451.

A large number of missionaries have sailed recently for foreign fields. The Baptist missionary union has sent out eleven for Burmah and South America; the Presbyterian board six for India, China, and Japan; and the Methodist society five for India.

The Rev. Lewis Hamilton, the first Presbyterian minister who went to Colorado, preached the first sermon in 1859, in an unfinished building in West Denver. Now the Presbyterian of Colorado reports twenty-four ministers, twenty-eight churches, and 1,500 communicants.

Mr. Henry T. Terry, of Hartford, Conn., has received the appointment of professor of law in the Imperial university of Japan at Tokyo, and will leave soon to enter upon the duties of his place. Mr. Terry was graduated in the class of 1859 at Yale college.

These are the words of Amos Austria to Cardinal Richelieu: "My Lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten. God is a sure pastor. He may not pay at the end of the week, month or year, but I charge you, remember, that he pays in the end."

In the diocese of Connecticut, during the episcopate of Bishop Williams, one hundred and twenty-five churches and churches have been built and restored; 25,258 persons have been confirmed; two hundred and twenty-four candidates for holy orders have been ordained deacons, and one hundred and seventy deacons have been ordained presbyters. There are now in the diocese one hundred and ninety-two clergymen and 17,622 communicants.

A meeting of Mohammedans was held at Calcutta recently to tender the sympathy of the Mohammedan population of India to the Turkish empire endeavoring with energy to maintain its integrity and independence. Also to thank the emperor of India and the English people for the moral support given to Turkey.

The California Chinese mission of the Congregationalists has maintained for the year past thirteen schools, in which 1,576 Chinese scholars have been enrolled. In three years one hundred and thirty Chinese have under instruction received through the mission, become christians. Last year's receipts were \$7,920 and the expenditures \$5,827.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—One of those sad events illustrating the effects of drink more terrible than any temperance lecture can do, has lately occurred at North Hatfield. A young man who had a good place as clerk in a store at Northampton fell by becoming addicted to liquor and went home to North Hatfield to be a source of trouble to his friends. On Sunday evening he came home unusually sober, threatened the life of his sister, and so frightened his mother that she died immediately.

She has had intonations of heart disease, but this time was unusually well. The young man was taken by the sheriff to Northampton jail. His mother's funeral on Tuesday was the most melancholy event the town has known for many a year.—*Springfield Union.*

### WINCONSIN RELICS OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Last week a party of scientific explorers made some very interesting discoveries in the neighborhood of Milton, Wisconsin. There are a number of mounds, which recent archaeological investigation has referred to that mysterious race which inhabited the central portion of North America long before the present aborigines obtained a foothold here. Selecting the largest of these mounds the explorers dug a trench from its outer edge to the center, thirty feet long, five feet wide, and at the center attaining a depth of ten feet. About a foot from the bottom, at the deepest part of the excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed wood was laid bare. A few inches below this was a hard deposit resembling mortar, and beneath were found the remains of four adults and two children. That they belonged to the race of mound-builders is inferred from the fact that there had previously been exhumed, only eighteen inches below the surface, a complete Indian skeleton.

The other, and vastly more important relics, were eight and a half feet lower down. The first of these, the skeleton of a man, lay with the head to the west in a reclining position. At the knees, near each hand, were two ornaments, composed of the teeth of some wild animal, about four inches long, and having holes bored through for the string which attached them to the wrists. Close by was the skull, but so badly decayed as to prevent removal. A little to the south of the skull were four thin arrow-heads, as clearly cut as if the work had been done by the best modern machinery. Lying around and under the shoulders were twenty-nine beads, manufactured from small shells, and perforated so as to be worn as a necklace. Evidently this was the skeleton of some famous personage, for among the bones of five others no ornaments whatever were found.

The chief's companions were arranged about him to the west-northwest and east. In the jaw-bone of one was a partly decayed wooden tooth, and most of the jaw-bones and teeth were in good preservation.—*St. Louis Republic.*

**HOME LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**  
One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire place which bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick oven. Pine-knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter evenings, and sundial floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "saw-pump." No form of pump was used in this country as far as we learn until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out "up on the earth every night and the timber was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternate remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor.

Only one room in any house warm unless one of the family lit in the last of the century was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern parlors and wood-chests, and they never complained.

### HOW THE EYE BECOMES PERFECTED.

Science gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The Vedas of India, which are the most ancient written documents extant, and in which the most remote, but still recorded, history, only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye arrived at the perception of the color yellow, and a still longer time before green was distinguished, and it is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the terms which designated yellow inevitably passed to the designation of green. The Greeks had, according to the received opinion now, the perception of colors very well developed, and yet authors of a more recent date are sure that in the time of Alexander Greek painters had for fundamental colors only white, black, red and yellow. The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history; they called these colors grey and black. It is thus that the colors of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually, and the great Aristotle only knew blue of them. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed these remain outside the limit of the blue and violet in the spectrum. A color as regular as a color. According to physiologists, a blue will come when the human eye will be perfected so as to perceive this color as well as the others.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

### "Isn't that a beautiful piece of machinery?"

"Isn't that a beautiful piece of machinery?" said one of Mrs. Ogden's female boarders, as she turned from the piano. "I like it very much," replied John, "particularly those long rods that seem to go through it."

### THE WOOL CLIP.

The total wool clip of the United States last year was 133,000,000 pounds. This year it will probably fall a little short of this. Yet in keeping up this aggregate, the states west of the Mississippi have increased their production some 15,000,000 pounds, an amount equal to the decrease in the states east of the Mississippi. Thus the better classes of cloth wools are falling off, while the inferior qualities are increasing. It is useless to talk of exporting our wools, for the home market, owing to the tariff, is the highest price. Australia wools, bringing thirty-two cents in this market, and only twenty-eight cents in London market. But the Australian grower can realize a profit by selling his clip at seventeen cents, while the American grower requires thirty cents to make the same quality of wooling profitable. Hence it is that notwithstanding the high tariff the growers are not benighted because the manufacturers cannot afford to give them a paying price, and come into competition with the better qualities of cloths from foreign markets. Last year at the commencement of the clip, the price ranged from forty to forty-five cents; this year it was from twenty-eight to thirty-two cents, wholly owing to the prostration in the manufacturing interests. The general opinion seems to be that the rise from three or four cents within the past week was brought by speculators, and that there can be no real advance until there is a revival of business in the manufacturing districts.—*New York Times.*

### THE WEARY YOUNG MAN.

He always carries a very slender walking cane, wears a stylish derby hat, and sits in the club window with a weary air, as though the world had no charms left for him. He assumes an owl's wisdom, and considers that he's the idol of the ladies. The poor boy doesn't mean any harm, but unfortunately has taken a sort of strabismic view of life, and he can't see himself in a glass. An idea in his head would make him a market-bull in a base drum.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

### DEBARTH'S CARBON OIL.

This standard illuminant has been before the people for over forty years, it having been first manufactured in 1833, and it is safe to assert that no preparation in the market has so fully tested the test of time. It is the only oil in the market that has been so long and so extensively used. From a very small beginning the Carbong Oil Company has been obliged to steadily increase their facilities for manufacturing, and now employ an army of men, and occupy magnificent buildings of its own. Much of the success of the company is due to the careful and efficient management of Mr. John Debarth, who for some time has held the responsible position of Secretary, and who is also the inventor of the Carbong Oil. One of the finest buildings in Lockport, N. Y., The Carbong Oil is for sale at all the drug stores.—*(Carbong Oil) Whig.*

### Centennial Awards.

From the New York Tribune, November 27. The newspapers have been lately teeming with notices of the Centennial awards, and the public mind is becoming more and more interested in the subject. The awards are given to the exhibitors who have displayed the most valuable and useful articles in their respective classes. The awards are given to the exhibitors who have displayed the most valuable and useful articles in their respective classes. The awards are given to the exhibitors who have displayed the most valuable and useful articles in their respective classes.

J. & P. COATS have been awarded a Medal and Diploma at the Centennial Exposition and commended by the Judges for the "Superior Strength and Excellent Quality of their Spool Cotton."

Bad enough to look and feel bad yourself, but no excuse for having your horse look and feel badly, when for a small sum you can buy Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, which given in grain two or three times a week, will make him look and feel well.

At our request, Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers gratis (on receipt of 15 cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbin's Electric Soap to try. Send at once.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, a century the YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

### The Day Draws Near.

And the excitement in regard to the Drawing of the Kentucky cash Distribution Company, approaching its culminating point. A few days will bring about that great event, that golden shower of fortune. Gov. Porter has made a work making the list preparatory to the drawing, and the list will be published in the next issue of the paper.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, is a thoroughly respectable paper, and is a valuable source of information to the young people of the country. It is published by the Youth's Companion Co., of Boston, and is sold at all the newsstands.

WINTER is now fairly upon us, and the teams are hastening to the lumber woods in various parts of the country. Our advice to every man who goes to the woods, be he captain, cook, teamster, or any other man, is to take along a good stock of Johnson's Ammonium Liniment and Lard-based Plaster. Many months of labor (in the aggregate) may be saved by this precaution.

### THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

Time may have whitened your locks but science can restore their former color. Terry's Hair is a wonderful remedy for the loss of hair. It is a simple, natural, and safe preparation, and is sold at all the drug stores.

### THE MARKETS.

**MEMPHIS.**  
Flour..... \$ 75 @ \$ 85  
Wheat..... 1 10 @ 1 12  
Corn..... 45 @ 50  
Bacon..... 11 @ 12  
Hog..... 10 @ 11  
Lard..... 18 @ 20  
Whisky..... 1 00 @ 1 15  
Robertson County..... 1 75 @ 3 00  
Bourbon..... 5 00 @ 5 50  
Indian Meal..... 1 75 @ 2 00  
Hides..... 13 @ 15  
Cotton..... 84 @ 85  
Good Ordinary..... 105 @ 110  
Low Middling..... 114 @ 115  
Seeds..... 8 50 @ 9 50  
German Millet..... 60 @ 65  
Lard..... 2 50 @ 2 60  
Hungarian..... 1 75 @ 2 00  
Buckwheat..... 1 75 @ 2 00

### LOUISVILLE.

Flour..... \$ 5 00 @ \$ 5 25  
Wheat..... 1 00 @ 1 05  
Corn..... 48 @ 50  
Oats..... 32 @ 36  
Hay..... 10 @ 12  
Pork..... 16 50 @ 17 00  
Lard..... 8 1 @ 8 2  
Bacon..... 8 1 @ 8 2  
Wool..... 33 @ 35  
Potatoes..... 1 40 @ 1 45  
Cotton..... 11 @ 12  
Ordinary..... 8 @ 9

### NEW ORLEANS.

Flour..... \$ 4 25 @ \$ 5 75  
Corn..... 55 @ 61  
Oats..... 42 @ 43  
Hay..... 15 00 @ 19 00  
Pork..... 17 50 @ 18 00  
Sugar..... 194 @ 111  
Lard..... 8 1 @ 8 2  
Whisky..... 1 05 @ 1 10  
Cotton..... 11 @ 11 1/2

### ST. LOUIS.

Flour..... \$ 5 25 @ \$ 5 50  
Wheat..... 1 19 @ 1 19 1/2  
Corn..... 40 @ 50  
Oats..... 30 1 @ 36 1  
Hay..... 16 75 @ 17 00  
Lard..... 8 1 @ 8 2  
Whisky..... 1 00 @ 1 08

WOOD'S IMPROVED HAIR RESTORATIVE. What It Does! It restores, quickly, Gray Hair to its glossy Natural Color. It has the effect of restoring the Hair to its natural condition. It is a perfect and safe remedy for the loss of hair. It is sold at all the drug stores.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO CONSUMERS! The great radical improvement introduced in this article has induced us to take the agency and advertising rights to the world. It is a perfect and safe remedy for the loss of hair. It is sold at all the drug stores.

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### OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

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EXCELLENT QUALITY

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One column six months.....60 00  
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Jacksonville, Ala.

**M. J. TURNLEY,**  
Attorney at Law,  
—AND—  
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,  
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will practice in Calhoun, Cherokee, Cleburne, DeKalb, Etowah and Talladega. With thanks for the past, he solicits a continuance of liberal patronage. He trusts his long experience and extended practice will enable him to be useful to those who confide their business to him. Those who want legal advice, without further employment, can consult him at any time for a reasonable advice fee; and there by often avoid a lawsuit, with its train of troubles, expenses and other evils arising therefrom. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

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NO. 7 OFFICE ROW,  
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will attend to all business connected to his care in Calhoun and other counties of the 2nd Judicial Circuit.

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Prompt Attention given to Collections.

May 15, 1875-17.  
G. C. ELLIS. JOHN T. MARTIN.

**ELLIS & MARTIN,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

Have associated in the practice of their profession and will attend to all business connected to them, in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the state.

May 15, 1875-17.

**H. L. STEVENSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

**J. D. ARNOLD,**

Surgeon Dentist,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and scientific manner.  
Charges very moderate. jay25-1875-17

An enormous pump has been placed in one of the Pennsylvania metal establishments, it being of 3,200 horse power—probably the largest pump, therefore, in the country, if not in the world. It is a vertical condensing engine, ten feet high and ten inches in diameter, the total weight of the cylinder, with its head and bottom, being forty tons. The piston-rod is fastened to the cross-head by a steel nut weighing 1,100 pounds. There are two fly-wheels, each thirty-five feet in diameter, and each of them weighing ninety-two tons. The walking-beam is in four parts, and weighs in all some ninety-five tons, it gives a motion to four plungers and four lift pumps, raising 17,000 gallons of water per minute, from a depth of two hundred and twenty feet.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THERE was a droll humorous Scotch judge who prefaced a sentence on a female criminal in this fashion: "Honest woman, what made you steal your neighbor's cow?"

### HER TREASURES.

I kept them in the old, old box That Willie gave me years ago, The time we parted on the rocks; His ship lay swinging to and fro, I waiting in the lower bay, I thought my heart would break, that day. The picture with the pendule eyes Is Willie's! No, dear, that's young Blake, Who took the West Point highest prize; Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote, And here's a button of his coat. Is this his ring? My dearest May, I never took a ring from him! This was a gift from Howard Gray, Just see, the pearls are getting dim. They say that pearls are getting dim. The setting looks a little rough. He was as handsome as a prince— And jealous! And he went to Rome Last fall, he's never written since. A lovely place beyond far Lee: His mother thought the world of me! Oh, no! I sent his letters back. These came to me from Washington. I'll look what a tremendous jack! He always wrote me three for one. I know I used to treat him like a son. Poor Jack!—he left at Chancellorville. The regiment—all that are scalps I took in London, Naples, Rome, At Paris, and among the Alps. These foreign letters all like goose. I used to read them to my dear old mother. We go to France, next year, again! This is the doctor's signet ring. These faded flowers? Oh, let me see! Who could have sent these flowers to me? Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirl! He married that fat Grosbeak girl. His hat was red—You need not look So sadly at that raven tree. You know the head that lock forsook; You know—but you would never guess! Nor would I tell you for the world. About whose brow that ringlet curled. Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child. Because you'll love the man yourself. But most, because, don't get me wild! I have not laid him on the shelf— He's not a bromide. In a year, I'll tell you all about him, dear. —*Mary Kings de Vere in Scribner.*

### THE BORDER LAND.

An article in Appleton's Journal relates a number of surprising and beautiful incidents at the hour of death. I quote the first. "A family in the village where the writer lives recently lost two daughters. The elder, named Clara, died in the winter or early spring. The younger named Anna, died in the summer. Anna was spending her last moments in talking about her teachers and companions, when, suddenly looking upward, with an expression of joy and surprise, she exclaimed: 'Clara! Clara! Anna!' and after a few moments of silence, in which she seemed to behold her departed sister, she died."

Among my memoranda as a pastor, several instances of a similar character are recorded. In a family of my congregation two sons died—the younger in the morning, the older in the evening of the same day. A short time before his departure, looking instantly toward a corner of the room, he said: "I see Willie." He was a child of four years, and had not been told of his brother's death. His father "always believed he saw his brother."

In a family connected with my church a little girl of seven years, an only child, died. Her mother, worse than widowed, had returned to her parents. They were oppressed with infirmities and toils. The only bright and joyous thing in the house was the grandchild; and their hearts were almost broken by her death. Some time after the mother was seized with fatal sickness at the house of her married and only sister, a few miles away. A short time before the end, an expression of indescribable intelligence and rapture came upon her face, her lips moved, and the nurse bending over, was confident she pronounced the name of Effie, her lost darling. Her mother was unable to see her during her sickness or in her shroud; but after the funeral service I was present when the surviving daughter entered her room, rushed into her arms, weeping for a moment, then suddenly raising herself she exclaimed: "But mother, don't cry for Cornelia; I said when I saw that look, I will never weep for my sister." The scene was affecting in the extreme.

A pious gentleman related to me the following concerning his own brother, who died about eight years of age: Two days before his end he raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if seeing something which strongly interested him. After contemplating it awhile, he said: "How beautiful you are! how good you are!" then stretching out his arms: "Come and take me!"

Recently a lady, a member of the church in my care, gave me the following account: Some years ago her brother, Russell C., an active business man and Christian, was killed in a railroad disaster. Their aged mother, living in another state, was in such a low and feeble state of body and mind, that it was not thought best to inform her of the death of her son. After some weeks the time of her departure drew near, preceded by two or three days of mental restoration and activity. During those days, at one time having apparently perfect use of her faculties on all subjects, the daughter named above being present, she suddenly said: "Russell is here!" "Why, no, mother, he is not," replied the daughter. But he is, she persisted, and expressed her pleasure at seeing him.

The article in Appleton closes with the beautiful experience which heralded the death of Eberhard Stilling, grandfather of the author, Judge Stilling. Concisely stated, it is as follows: He went one day with his children into a wood. Leaving them he passed on. Soon a light brighter than the sun appeared before him. A plain extended beyond

his vision, white with the light. There were brooks and gardens, and silvery castles. Near him rose a glorious mansion, and from the door came a beautiful angel; but when close by him he saw it was his beloved departed daughter, Doris. "Father," she said, "you are our eternal habitation; you will come to us soon." From that hour he seemed as one enchanted, and serene and happy, soon passed away from earth.

There are some points of resemblance to this in the narrative given to me by the grandparents of two little girls who died. A lady who watched with the younger the last night of her life, said she should always believe the child saw angels. On the Sabbath morning following the funeral, the older sister went into her grandmother's room, and said: "I have been dreaming; I want you to tell me what it means." "What did you dream, my child?" "I thought I was walking in a wood, and my little sister met me and said: 'Come with me and I will show you where I live now.' So she led me along till we came to a gate, and beyond the gate was the most beautiful place I ever saw. There was a great many people there, and little children, and all perfectly happy." The grandmother told her that thinking much about her little sister had caused her to dream; but when the girl had left the room she said to her daughter: "That child will die." Before the second Sabbath following she was seized with the same malady, a prevailing epidemic, which had been fatal to the first. From the beginning she told her parents she should die; she was going to be with her sister, and live in that beautiful place. They should not mourn for her, but prepare to meet her there. In that happy expectation she continued to her last moments. She was nine years of age; the younger was six.

My store of incidents is not exhausted, but let me turn in another direction. The writer in Appleton asks: "Were these visions the effect of a delirious mind—*tristis somnia*—or were they realities? Is there some expansion of the faculties at the hour of death, that enables the spiritual eye to discover the celestial world and its mysteries? Is there truth as well as poetry in Waller's famous stanza?"

"The soul that courage bore to face the light in new light through clouds that drew back, Stronger by weakness, when men become As they draw near to their eternal home; Leaving the old, both worlds as one; view, Who stand upon the threshold of the new."

It is easy to raise these questions. It is impossible to answer them. But it is possible if not to answer them, to contemplate them in relations of great interest.

First. Incidents of the character of those related above constitute a numerous class. Let five or six persons meet casually and converse frankly on such subjects, it will probably be found that one or two of them at least know of similar occurrences in the circle of their own relatives or intimate friends. If but one in a hundred years was alleged, it would stand alone, a strange story; but a continual succession, it would seem, must have a ground, or law, worthy of attention.

Secondly. The testimony concerning such incidents is of the highest character. It is given by persons of intelligence and piety, who have no interest in publicity or fraud, but speak of what they have known with reserve and awe. The case is world-wide from the "modern spiritualism," so called. It has nothing to do with the necromancy and imposture of those who seek by their own volitions and arts to call forth "manifestations" of spirits. It is entirely in another realm. It is the observation of facts which are presented to us in the course of nature and providence.

Thirdly. For Christians there is presumptive evidence of reality in such incidents. On other grounds we believe there is a spiritual world to which our souls are kindred and in which we shall soon be constituent members. It is a philosophical possibility, or even probability, that peculiar phenomena shall occur along the line where two worlds meet, that in occasional, stimulated, exalted states, our faculties may discern gleamings of spiritual reality; or, in other words, such realities may come within the range of our perceptions in their keenest condition. Such phenomena would be supernatural in reference to this limited nature with which we are familiar, being above our ordinary experience; but also natural in reference to that broader nature which is comprehended in the creation and government of God. Do they not, as truly as anything in physics and metaphysics, open a field for legitimate observation, and perhaps induction?

Fourthly. Incidents of the class we have contemplated have a very interesting relation to the biblical narratives. Many wonderful events of sacred history, such as the appearances of angels, the vision of Stephen, and others, may have a normal as well as supernatural character. They may not be altogether exceptional, but typical facts of a universal intention for the instruction and comfort of believers. It is a fair question whether much of our modern Christianity has not been quite too *Socratic*, believing neither in angel nor

spirit; that is to say, anxious to avoid materialism and superstition in religion, and so going to an extreme which leaves little or no spiritual substance on which the soul can lay hold with definiteness of thought and joy of anticipation. This may partly account for some of the *isms* of the times. If it sees not the true, human nature will yearn for a false spiritualism. A little more of the Pharisee's faith, or rather Christ's vindication of it, would help us. The logical effect of such incidents as have been cited, regarded on due evidence as having a foundation in reality, would be to confirm the spiritual testimonies of a future life; and that effect has been experienced.

Further, that effect is consolation in sorrow. It adds richness, definiteness, and if I may so say, a spiritual solidity to the Apostle's delightful conception of the family of God in heaven and earth, named after Christ; and Paul, it will be remembered, had seen "visions." It brings closer to our hearts, it seems to unfold, in some degree, Christ's precious and wonderful word: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

### THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION.

Following two presidents the president-elect of the United States will take the oath and enter upon his duties at noon on Monday, the fifth of March next. The precedents are in the case of president Monroe, who was re-inaugurated Monday, March 5, 1821, and Zachary Taylor, who was inaugurated on the same day of the week and month in 1849. The record in the case of Monroe is incomplete, but in the case of Taylor the journal of the senate shows that on Friday, the second of March, 1849, Mr. Polk, the president, sent a communication to the senate requesting that body to meet in special session on Monday, the fifth of March, at ten o'clock a. m., as there would, on that day, be matters of interest to engage its attention. The record also shows that the senate extended its session on March 3, by recesses, until six o'clock on Sunday morning, March 4, when the president-elect declared that body adjourned sine die. The term of United States senators expires on the third of March, but this has been continued to noon until noon on the fourth of the same month. A precedent was established in 1851 which has been followed ever since. McDonald's manual for the use of senators says:

"On the third of March, 1851, on which day the Thirty-first congress expired, and on which the term of one-third of the members of that body would also expire, the senate being in session at twelve o'clock midnight, a senator [Mr. Mason of Virginia] expressed a doubt whether the term for which he had been elected did not expire at that hour, and desired to be qualified as senator under his credentials of re-election. The senate thereupon passed a vote of twenty-seven yeas to eleven nays, the following resolution [offered by Stephen A. Douglas]:

"Resolved, That inasmuch as the second session of the Thirty-first congress does not expire under the constitution until twelve o'clock on the fourth of March instant, the honorable James M. Mason, a senator elect from the state of Virginia, not entitled to take the oath of office at this time, to-wit, on the fourth of March at 1 o'clock a. m."

Under this resolution the retiring senators at that time were United States senators, whether the senate was in session or not, until noon of Sunday and no longer. On Monday, the fifth of March, when the senate was convened in session they could take no part in the proceedings, their terms having expired at noon on the preceding day.

That there is an actual interregnum of 24 hours from Sunday, March 4th, at noon, until Monday, March 5th, at noon, when the country is without a legal president, there is no doubt. In the two cases referred to in our national history this interregnum has been unsupplied. Neither the preceding officers of the senate nor any one else has ever attempted to exercise the functions of president for the space mentioned, and it is safe to say no one ever will. The pay of the outgoing president ceases at noon on the fourth of March, and that of the incoming one begins at that time. To suppose that any trouble will grow out of this hiatus "putting too fine a point on it," as Mr. Sangsby would say. President Grant will convene the senate in special session on Monday, March 5th, when the new senators will take the oath of office.

"My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you should tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, and straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or reveal the flowery paths of literature?" "No, mamma; dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatter field."

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much of his money he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it will rain to-day."

### OUR JUVENILES.

#### Wanted—Twelve Pairs of Stockings.

Wanted—twelve pairs of stockings, Come we folks, one and all. Hunt up your knitting-needles, & do long & bright, soft hosiery of yarn from dear grandmother; Perhaps she'll show you how To knit the tiny stockings. We'll need them quite soon, now. For blackie, the sky pullet. It's hatched a dozen chicks— Of course they're all larcinized, So we must try and fix Each one a pair of stockings Before the snowflakes fly. Else they're so young and tender, They might catch cold and die. At best, she's very foolish— The mother hen I mean— She's not a bit of forethought, But proud as any queen: Goes clucking with her chickens And never thinks, I know, That winter days are coming, That stockings do not grow.

So get your knitting-needles, And when the socks are done, Send them right on to blackie. She'll need them every one. Then when cold winds are blowing, I'll be rare sport to see Twelve little chicks in stockings, Each proud as you can be. —*Janice Rogers Sherman.*

#### Papa's True Story.

"Oh, papa, papa, tell us a story!" cried little Mary and Emma, running up to their father, who had seated himself upon the porch, and was about to read the evening paper. "Tell us a true story," said Emma, the little four-year old, as she climbed upon her papa's knee. Papa could not resist this appeal. So he laid down his paper, and began as follows:

"Once upon a time there lived a toad who had but three legs, having lost one of his hind-legs." "Was it shot off in war?" asked Emma. "I do not know how he lost it," said papa. "He may have lost it in a battle with a snake. All I know is that he had one hind-leg, and that in jumping over the ground he reminded one very much of a crippled soldier."

"This old toad, being thus badly crippled, was put to many shifts in order to get his daily bread." "Toads don't eat bread, do they?" asked Mary. "I mean flies, bugs and such things," said papa, "which take the place of bread with toads."

"He had to use his wits so much that he soon came to be very wise. He used to hide under a leaf, or bunch of grass; and, by pouncing upon unwary flies, he was able to get quite a good living." "One day he hobbled into a garden, and squatted under a cabbage leaf, hoping to catch a nice large bug for his dinner. But he was very tired, and before long he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was quite dark."

"Oh dear," said he: "I have overslept myself. How hungry I am! I wonder if I can find a bug in the dark." So saying, he began to hop along, when down he went into a pool of muddy water. He sank to the bottom; but, by kicking lustily, soon got his head above water.

"Then he swam around, trying to find something to rest upon. At last he came upon a little hummock of earth, in the middle of the pool, and there he sat waiting for the morning. When morning came, the toad found that he was in a great square pit half full of water. It was a pit that had been dug by the gardener, in making an asparagus-bed."

"The poor toad had to sit there all of that day and the following night without a bite to eat. Early the next day he was delighted to see two little girls come into the garden."

"Now I shall be helped out," thought he. "Those dear little girls will be my friends."

"They were both dressed in white sacks, with brown sashes, and had on their heads chip hats trimmed with brown." "Oh, papa," said Emma, "that is just the way Mary and I dress!" Papa went on without making any reply. "When the little girls came to the pit the older one cried out: 'Oh! look at that old toad sitting in the water!'" "Let us throw dirt at him!" said the smaller.

"So both little girls threw dirt and sticks at the toad, which raised such waves around him that he was in danger of being washed off."

"Oh, dear," said the toad, "who would have thought that those little girls would be so cruel? Just then a big piece of dirt struck the poor toad upon the head, and laid him sprawling on his back in the water."

"When the toad had recovered from the blow, and had crawled back to his resting-place, he noticed a man with a hoe on his shoulder, approaching the pit. 'Oh, dear!'" said the toad: "here comes a great tough man; now I shall certainly be killed."

"But the man put his hoe under the toad, lifted him carefully out of the pit, and laid him on the dry grass."

"Well, I never!" said the toad. "Who could have thought it? One can't always judge by appearances!" Here Emma hung her head, and Mary giggled nervously.

"Do you know what little girls these were?" asked papa.

"I didn't know the toad felt so bad when I flew at him," said Emma, the tears starting in her eyes.

"No," said papa: "but you will be more thoughtful the next time, I am sure." This was papa's true story.—*Nursery.*

### Johnny's Dreadful Punishment.

Johnny had been naughty. It's astonishing how naughty two-year-old babies can be when they try; and Johnny had tried. His blue eyes didn't look as usual, and his hair wasn't as golden, and instead of a bright smile, a cunning—oh! dear, what an I saying?—an ugly pout rested on his pretty little mouth. There he stood in the middle of the floor, baby fists on baby hips, feet very wide apart, the sweetest—I mean the mightiest—wee rebel that ever defied mamma. Just think of it, only two years old, and defying mamma! "Will you be good?" asked mamma sternly. "No, mamma!" Mamma opened her eyes—they were not as blue as Johnny's—very wide. "You won't?" she said. "No, mamma," repeated Johnny. "Then," said she, solemnly, "you must be punished. Go into the store-room and stay there until you can say 'Yes, ma'am.'" Johnny went, and mamma closed the door, expecting to hear the wished-for "Yes," shouted forth instantly. But, to her great surprise, she heard not a word or cry. Five minutes passed; utter silence. Ten minutes went by; not the slightest sound; and mamma began to grow impatient—for, after the manner of mamma's, she was longing to kiss and forgive her boy. "Oh! the blessed darling," she said to herself, as the twelfth minute stole away; "the punishment is too dreadful for him. How could I have been so hard hearted? To shut a merry little thing like that in a dark place; a baby, that should never be out of sunshine except when he's asleep; it's too bad." And she flew to open the closet door. "John," as his father calls him, looked up at her, his whole face sparkling with fun. The blue had come back to his eyes and the gold to his hair and the smile to his lips. In his chubby hand he held the last piece of what, just fourteen minutes before, had been a fine brown, fragrant, fresh-baked loaf of cake. Crumbs covered his face from chin to eyes, his cheeks shone, and sundry crisp fragments clung to his neck and bib. "Good gracious!" said mamma. "Dood take!" said Johnny.—*Mudge Elliot, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

### The Boys of My Boyhood.

The boys of the generation to which I belonged—that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this—were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the strictest sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and certainly, never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane which hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a late similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow felled with a feather from his own wing; in other words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation. It has never been quite clear to me why the birch was chosen above all other trees of the wood to yield its twigs for this purpose. The beech of our forests produces sprays as slender as flexible, and as tough; and farmers, wherever the beech is common, cut its long and pliant branches for driving oxen. Yet the use of birchen rods for the correction of children is of very great antiquity. In his "Discourse on Forest Trees," written three hundred years ago, Evelyn speaks of birchen twigs as an implement of the schoolmaster; and London, in his "Arboretum," goes yet further back. He says: "The birch has been used as the instrument of correction in schools from the earliest ages." The English poets of the last century make frequent mention of this use of birchen twigs; but in London's time, whose book was published thirty years since, he remarks that the use of these rods, both in schools and private families, was fast passing away—a change on which the boys both of England and the United States may well be congratulated—for the birchen rod was, in my time, even more freely used in the school than in the house.—*William Cotton Bryant, in St. Nicholas for December.*

### GRAVE AND GAY.

"Inquisitive Scotch school-board officer to Hibernian parent—"Was your boy born in Glasgow?" "No, sir; an' I hope he never will be."

"Andamane widows wear their husbands' skulls upon their shoulders as ornaments. What a sense of satisfaction the woman must have who can wear a pair!"

"John," asked a doctor of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door knob this morning."

"Edwin: 'And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret?' Angelina (promptly): 'Nothing easier, Edwin dear. You have only to behave to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it.'"

"An English sect of moralists, calling themselves 'christodelphians,' have offered £100 to anyone who would prove from scripture that man is possessed of an immortal soul. The Rev. Walter Briscoe, a Wesleyan minister, has accepted the challenge."

"More honeymoon amenities—Angelina (who has been pursuing the 'births, deaths, and marriages?') Edwin: I do so object to that horrid word 'relict'! If I should die, promise, oh, promise, you will not allow me to be described as your relict!"—*Punch.*

"A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in a high controversy, the husband exclaimed, 'I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!' 'But how wilt thou be able to get it?' said the taunting spouse. 'I will keep thee a week after thou art dead,' was the Quaker's rejoinder."

"A Boston woman had prepared to elope, but when her husband, hearing of her intention, came forward with his check-book and offered her money for her expenses, while his face was illuminated with unbounded joy, she considered the matter and concluded not to go. It took all the romance away."

"The good old days are dead and gone; the rich coloring has faded out of the warp and woof of the past, and yet we rejoice that it is still true that a pretty woman can not ride by her lover's side through a tunnel without emerging in a hat that looks as if it had been struck by lightning."

"Engagement rings are now made like bracelets, to close round the finger with a spring clasp. They are no longer made plain, but embody various neat and chaste designs. About the most chaste and appropriate is one that simulates a rat-trap, and goes shut for keeps when a finger is stuck into it."—*Hove-lyer.*

"A gentleman who had tarried late at his club found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. She said: 'Here I've been waiting and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top.' 'Jess-o, wife, where I've been,' responded he; 'it's in the atmosphere.'"

"A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. 'Now, children,' she said, 'Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?' 'Married her,' said one of the boys."

"A petition is being circulated by the 'woman's national christian temperance association,' begging the legislature to enact a law that no license be granted to any liquor saloon unless the petition for license is signed by the majority of the women in the ward or township."

"A correspondent desires to know what sort of a thing a 'pocket gymnasium' is that he sees advertised in the papers. Well, a pocket gymnasium holds from a pint to a quart, and is made of glass covered with leather; but we can't recommend it. We once saw a young man have one in good working order, and after practicing with it a short time he found it much easier to stand on his head than on his feet, and he couldn't find his way home."—*Maribon Heath.*

### OLD SI ON THE NEGRO FRANCHISE.

A gentleman at the hotel, after reading that only nine hundred negroes in Fulton county were entitled to vote, asked Old Si:

"Why don't more of the colored people vote in this county?"

"Caze dey hezn't bin up ter de cap'tin's offs an' put down de sugh."

"I don't quite understand?"

"Dey hezn't pade dere pole taxes dat's what's de matter?"

"Ah, yes; and why don't they pay the poll tax, when it is only one dollar?"

"Fustly, 'case de dollar are not so handy ez dey might be, an' second, 'case ob de dog tax principally."

"Indeed! And would a man prefer a dog to his vote?"

"I sees, sah, dat you is a stranger down heah, an' I has ter splane you dat de nigger an berry precient in his inflections. When de musells ob a nigger's hart git twined round a dog, he finesse no comfort in dat property dan in all de votes dat ver could cram inter a bushel ballut-box—an' dat's nigger sense, now."


"And gentleman was thoroughly satisfied."

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## THE HOUSEHOLD

*Sago Cream Soup:*  
An old fowl that is only fit for the

Stoup, it may makes delightful stock for this soup, and it may either be boiled till every particle of goodness is extracted, or if a less strong stock is wanted, it may be only be boiled till tender, and the meat afterwards used up in some of the made dishes where a white meat is required. Add to the stock while boiling, some whole white pepper and a blade of mace, strain and skim the stock; this last operation is best done with what is called a kitchen paper, a most useful article, and of which a supply should be at the command of every cook. Lay the paper on the top of the stock and draw it off; the paper on the top will adhere to it, and the

Process should be repeated till the paper comes off free from grease. For every two quarts of stock take three ounces of yago or tapioca, wash it in hot water, and boil it in the stock for one hour. Break the yolks of two eggs in a basin, and add to them half a pint of cream or milk; pour into it gradually a little of the hot soup, then turn it all into the remainder of the soup and heat it up, taking care it does not boil. The stock for this soup may be made of rabbit, or of veal, or of

*Berf Steak Pudding.*

Cut up one and a half pounds of beef into water steaks. Dip the chopper in cold water and beat them a little to flatten them and make the meat more tender; roll them up with a little pepper and salt inside. Line a pudding basin with a suet crust made in the proportion of six ounces of suet to three quarters of a pound of flour. Take care to put the suet quite down to the bottom of the basin or the pudding will break. Cut the suet out of the middle of the top of the

crust on even with the top of the basin, lay in the meat; if liked, add some chopped onion; half fill the pudding with cold water, cover over the top with a lid of paste reserved for the purpose, having previously wetted, or better will egged the edges of each. Tie up in pudding cloth wrung out of boiling water and sprinkle with flour. Boil for at least three hours. A couple of sheep kidneys sliced and added to the pudding.

the onion, lay in the meat; if liked, add some chopped onion, half fill the pudding with cold water, cover over the top with a lid of paste reserved for the purpose, having previously wetted, or better still, egged the edges of each. Tie up in pudding cloth wrung out of boiling water and sprinkle with flour. Boil for at least three hours. A couple of sheep kidneys sliced and added to the pudding, very much improves the flavor of the gravy, and, if liked, three quarters of a teaspoonful of baking powder may be added to the crust; but it should be borne in mind that whenever baking powder is used, the utmost expedition in finishing up is necessary, as fermentation commences from the moment the water is added.

*Care of Plants.*

The best way to apply ammonia to plants is to take a teaspoonful of Peruvian guano and put in a gallon of water. Water the plants with this once a day. When you have used the guano and water give the plants a rest for a month, and if by that time they have not improved in growth and given to the plants a deep green color, give them a second gallon. Generally amateurs are too apt to overdo the matter in applying an

The best way to apply ammonia to plants is to take a teaspoonful of Peavater guano and put in a gallon of water. Water the plants with this once a day. When you have used the guano and water give the plants a rest for a month, and if by that time they have not improved in growth and given to the plants a deep green color, give them a second gallon. Generally amateurs are too apt to overdo the matter in applying concentrated fertilizers. Plants, like people, are better when fed moderately; overfeeding will make both sick and weak. It will greatly improve your earth to mingle some muck with it. A better way would be to get some well rotted cow, old horse-manure and builders' sand, mix well, and with this mixture all soft-wooded plants will thrive well.—*Steel and Bub Crocker.*

*Care of Black Goods.*

Remember to shake off and remove all dust from a black garment every time it is worn. Nothing sooner defaces a black silk, poplin, or woolen than to wear it shopping, riding, or even for the day in the house and then hang it up without removing the dust. The gritty motes with which the air is filled, particularly in regions where coal is constantly used,

grind and wear out any fabric. First shake both skirt and overdress faithfully. A back window is a good place to shake them from. Then take a soft old handkerchief and brush the dress with that instead of a clothes brush. See that all the dust that settles in folds or plants is removed. Stand by an open window and shake the dust off the handkerchief out of the window every little while.—*Christine*

*Paste for Scrap Books.*  
A fine paste for scrap books can be made from alum water and flour. A teaspoonful and a half of pounded alum dissolved in enough cold water to make a pint of paste. Pour the water, when the alum is all dissolved, on to enough flour to thicken it as stiff as common paste, bring it to a boil, stirring all the while, and then add a few drops of

**Salt Rising.**  
Mix one cupful of fresh, warm milk and same amount of warm water. Add a half teaspoonful of sugar and as much salt as can be held between the thumb and forefinger, and sufficient yeast to

time, and when used, and a few drops of the oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation, and the oil of cloves will prevent or destroy all vegetable mould.

*Christian Union.*

*Salt Rising.*

Mix one cupful of fresh, warm milk and same amount of warm water. Add a half teaspoonful of sugar and as much salt as can be held between the thumb and forefinger, and sufficient flour to make it a stiff batter; let it stand in a vessel surrounded by warm water, kept at an even temperature for two or three hours, and your yeast is ready for use.

*Country Gentleman.*





